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THE BELL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I saw her in life's early morning season,
In infant beauty, like some flower elysian
When morning's dew is on it yet;
And round that opening bud they met,
While tenderly the cadence fell,
Full of joy—the christ'ning bell!

The christ'ning bell!
I saw her in her beauty, when they led her
In maidenhood's young loveliness, to wed
her;
Those lovely eyes of joy did speak;
Her rose was on her radiant cheek,
As laughingly the cadence fell,
Full of hope—the marriage bell!

The marriage bell!
I saw her once again, all coldly lying,
Beyond the joy—beyond the later sighing:
How perfect was that dreamless rest
With meek hands folded on the breast;
While mournfully the cadence fell,
Like a sob—the passing bell!

The passing bell!
Ah happy!—not for her those faded flowers,
And withered hopes—and woes of later
hours!
Why should she linger here to feel
The world's cold shadows o'er her steal,
And hear the bitter, bitter knell
Of joys that die—like tolling bell!

Like tolling bell!
She shall not hear the knell of joys de-
parted—
That tone of woe that mocks the broken
hearted;
There lingers still a tender trace
Of joy upon her death-sealed face;
Then gently let them sweep
Thy lullaby—oh, passing bell!

Kind passing bell!
When once the freshness of the heart hath
vanished,
And joy from out the world-worn breast is
banished,
Then what is left life's wanderer here,
Except the unavailing tear,
And memories sad, which are the knell
Of days gone by—Hope's passing bell!

Sad passing bell!
Oh then 'tis better far, while yet the flower
Is watered by the dew of morning's hour,
To hear it from the stem away,
Not leave it to a slow decay,
Hark! like a voice it fell—
"Better far"—the passing bell!

FRANK.

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARGARET HOESMER.
AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

Leonore was sitting alone, and looked up
surprised when Miss Copeland appeared.
"Perhaps I am intruding now; shall I
come in again? I only want to say a few
words to you."

Her visitor asked this standing by the door
with her hand still holding it partly open.
"No, certainly not; come in, pray, and
tell me what it is that you have to say
to me."

She got up and brought a chair, and with
a courtly air, affected to be surprised and
honored by the visit.

"It is such a rarity, you know," she said.
"We meet so constantly, and there is so
little to demand a private conference, that I
don't wonder it seems odd,—please forgive
me if it should seem more than that when
I am done—for I assure you nothing but
the strictest sense of duty could reconcile
me to the apparent interference in your affairs."

Leonore raised her brows inquiringly, and
having seated herself on the lounge where
Olivia had found her, rose and went over to
the dressing-table, which stood close at
hand, and leaning on it, looked steadily into
the speaker's face.

Olivia seemed confused and embarrassed,
and found great difficulty in speaking.
"In explaining why I come to you in this
way, I hope you will understand that I do
not claim any authority—that is—I speak
from no cold or critical motives. Oh, Leon-
ore, feel towards me, if you can, as if I
were your friend—your sister—and let my
warning reach your heart without rousing
your pride or anger."

"What can you mean?" asked Leonore,
speaking slowly, and looking a figure of
blank amazement.

Olivia cleared her throat, and broke sud-
denly and desperately into her subject.

"Mr. Raye comes here constantly, in a very
singular manner. You do not see society in

the usual way; half our friends are ignored
by you; but he claims your attention by
waylaying and intercepting your walks;
and—acting very inexplicably."

Her first words had been quite calm and
grave, but she soon lost her self-possession,
and ended in a strong inclination to tears.

Leonore's face lost every shade of color and
became a ghastly, disagreeable white. She
made a motion towards Olivia, but stopped
quickly, and breathed hard, as if in pain.

Her companion seemed to gain courage on
seeing her thus affected, and went on
hastily:

"I am glad I have not wounded you; I
had much rather see you angry than pained;
and now I can tell you quietly why I speak
as I do. Mr. Raye is notoriously an indif-
ferent husband, and a gay man of the world.

His constant presence at The Poplars with-
out his wife, is in itself objectionable; and
his mysterious devotion to you, is reprehen-
sible in the extreme; but I hold you per-
fectly blameless, and am so much interested
in your happiness, that I have dared to en-
counter your anger, and possible misunder-
standing, rather than allow you to be the
subject of gossip and misrepresentation."

Not a word did the white, hard-looking
lips offer in reply; she still stood leaning on
the dressing-table, with her gaze fastened
on the perturbed speaker, and every line in
her face hardening into sullen coldness. She
was so altered by her strange look, as she
no longer lovely; and Olivia almost shrank
from the threatening anger of her eyes.

"I am sorry you feel bitterly towards
me," she said, "but I have done what I felt
it right to do; I am unfortunate in being so
objectionable to you since my aunt's wishes
have brought us together; and I will assure
you that no feeling but duty and principle
could have urged me to say what I have
said."

Her listener vouching no answer, she
turned, and moved towards the door. She
had reached it, and taken the handle, when
Leonore sprang towards her. Surprised and
a little frightened, she started back and al-
most disengaged the hand the excited crea-
ture had caught. It was only an instant that
had passed since she had stood looking at
the wrathful face—and now as her eyes
rested on it, behold it was transformed. It
had been cold and hard as stone—now it
was bathed in tears, and flashing with the
light of appealing love; the deadly color
had gone, and a bright flush of blushing feel-
ing warmed it to a glow; the tender light
restored her beauty, that gleamed with re-
newed brilliance after its momentary eclipse.
She held Olivia's hand tight clasped within
her own, and pressed it eagerly to her
breast.

"I was angry when you first spoke—so
angry that I almost hated you. A terrible
feeling seized me, and I thought you were
born to thwart and torment me. I'm sorry—
and I beg you to forgive me."

Olivia naturally disliked any unusual dis-
play of emotion, and this outburst was al-
most as painful to her as Leonore's wrath.
She flinched a little under the ardent grasp
the impulsive girl held her in, and answered
a trifle coldly.

"I am sorry that I should have awakened
any feeling of anger—and glad that you do
my intentions justice. It is not an agree-
able subject, and I trust it will never be re-
newed. Good-night."

Leonore dropped her hand and looked at
her wistfully but silently. Olivia went out,
and this time there was no effort on her part
to detain her.

Barbara came and tapped at the door.
Miss Copeland had but lately left.

"Come in," said Leonore. She stood be-
fore her dressing-table, looking inquisitively
at the reflection of her own face in the glass.
She seemed to know who it was without
looking up, and said, as the silent and al-
most stealthily tread of the housekeeper ap-
proached,

"Barbara, do I look like any one you ever
saw? My face is growing strangely familiar
to myself, and yet it seems less like my own
face every day."

"Why, miss, you surprise me—you—"
"I talk oddly, you would say; well, I
know I do; I feel oddly, and—and I am not
happy, Barbara."

The woman she addressed without look-
ing towards her, stole a glance of such yearn-
ing love at her averted face, and caught her
hands nervously together as if longing to
embrace her.

Her voice did not betray the act nor her
expression. She said, respectfully,

"It is natural to be depressed once in
a while, miss. I'm sure you are not often
dull."

"I'm not dull now, not in the least. I
feel a strange, sad foreboding, and the sense
of some inexplicable evil to come; but I
am not stupid or blue, as Adah and Bertha
call it."

The observant housekeeper, without re-
ply, began unfurling the splendid hair, that
it was her high privilege to comb and dress,
but said not a word.

The little lady submitted to the process,
and lying back in her chair, half closed her

eyelids, and fell to musing with an absent
face. At last she said, frankly,

"I have been thinking why I like you,
Barbara; and I believe it is because you are
utterly and entirely alone as I am. I never
heard you speak of a friend, or express a
word of feeling for any living soul. In that
you are like me. I am friendless. Barbara,
I do not know the mother that bore me. I
am a perfect waif and stray."

The hands that wandered among the long
wavy bands of hair trembled, and the face
above her looked down eagerly into the re-
flected face before her, but the housekeeper
ventured no reply. If her silence were a
plan to make the other talk, it was a suc-
cessful one; Leonore went on, gazing idly on
the ground with downcast eyes, and mur-
muring her thoughts aloud.

"I am like no one else but you; and yet,
Barbara, I do not love you—perhaps because
you are so stealthily and mysteriously in your
ways. I like frank, fresh souls, because
they are unlike my own; and I think I
would learn to be less strange and wilful, if
one of them loved me."

"You are greatly beloved by all, miss,"
murmured Barbara softly. "You have
youth, beauty, talent and wealth; what more
could a mother ask for her child?"

"A mother would know that love, and
the power of winning it, are better than all
these, Barbara; my mother never loved me.
I should have felt the memory of her fond-
ness; every girl's heart should imbibe the
remembrance of affection; mine is a chaos
of strange faces, a confusion of curious in-
cidents, shreds of mystery, and empty yearn-
ings. Out of such a soil there is but little
bloom or fruit. I am utterly alone, and find
no comfort or pleasure in myself."

The soft, tender touch of the swift and
skillful hands that smoothed and wandered
over her hair was the only response to the
half-soliloquy of the brooding girl. The
minutes flew, and the long, shiny ripples
shone in the light that fell upon them, as
Barbara's fingers shaped them into flowing
curls; the eyes that were partly closed grew
heavy, and soon the long lashes swept the
cheeks, soft and faint came the gentle
breathing, and the troubled heart had left
its tangled thread in the skin of life at
peace, and rested in soft oblivion a little
while. The delicate rose blush warmed upon
her face, and her red lips parted in a happy
smile, while the poor housekeeper's tireless
hands stole gently over her brow. Then
Barbara, pausing and holding her breath,
looked steadily down upon the slumbering
face with all her soul in her hungry eyes.

Would Miss Copeland have known the re-
tired woman whose imperious quiet,
broken only during the past time of her rich-
ness, now gave way to passionate and em-
passioned tenderness? Certainly not. Barbara
had been nervous and irascible, but never
affectionate; and the tears of love and
devotion that wet the hair she pressed so
fondly to her lips, were drops that none
at The Poplars had ever seen in these un-
fathomable eyes.

By and by the sleeper moved uneasily and
murmured fretfully in her sleep, as if the
position were painful. Then Barbara slip-
ping her arms softly around her, raised her
as easily in her strong grasp as if she had
been a mere infant, and carrying her to the
bed, laid her down without rousing her to
perfect consciousness. No mother's hands
ever fulfilled the offices of love more fondly
than the housekeeper's in soothing and
covering the scarcely graceful beauty; and
a mother's patience and long-enduring devo-
tion shone in her face as she sat down to
watch the sleeper's rest.

CHAPTER IV.

A WARNING BELL.

After Miss Copeland's warning, Mr. Raye
brought his wife to make an afternoon visit
at The Poplars, and drink tea, like good com-
pany neighbors should, without ceremony, he
said. He was in gay spirits, and conse-
quently a marked contrast to his rather
drooping wife. Mrs. Raye had been absent
on a visit to her old home and Uncle Ste-
phen, and being an impulsive creature, could
speak of nothing else, although it was evi-
dently a subject little relished by her polished
lord.

Miss Copeland rather encouraged it on that
account, it would appear, and listened to the
poor wife's description of her dear relative,
and all the fond delightful memories that
came back as she looked around the place of
her childhood's happiness and hope, with a
quick glance at Mr. Raye from time to time,
which the wily gentleman met with a sweet
smile.

"But I am boring you with all this," said
Mrs. Raye suddenly. She had paused to wipe
away a flood of irrefragable tears that flowed
at the allusion to her parting with Uncle
Stephen.

"How are the dear young ladies,
Miss Adah and Miss Bertha?"

"My sisters are well," replied Olivia, no-
ticing that Miss Raye was not named in the
question. "They will be in presently, for I
have sent to tell them you are here. But
indeed your home picture interests me, and

your kind uncle, what a noble old gentleman
he must be."

The good-hearted lady's face glowed with
gratified feeling.

"Oh, indeed you would say so if you knew
him. I acknowledge it must be annoying to
Lionel to have him so anxious about our
affairs, but he does not mean it as inter-
ference, it is his love for me, that is really all
that prompts him to—"

"But where is Miss Raye?" cried her hus-
band at this point; he spoke gayly, and his
tone was quick and sudden, as if the thought
had just occurred to him, but he stole a
warning glance at the speaker, whose confi-
dence he had interrupted, and she sank into
frightened silence.

"I am here, happy to be missed and asked
for," cried Leonore's voice at the door, and
she followed it with her presence, standing
rosy and breathless, with her garden hat in
her hand, a picture of beaming beauty.

Mr. Raye advanced towards her with bold
admiration in his eyes; she passed him coolly,
and came directly to his wife. It was evi-
dent that lady shrunk from her, though she
strive to hide it, and assumed a hurried,
nervous manner that she meant for ease.

Leonore did not intend to be conscious of
this, and therefore greeted her warmly.
"You have been staying at your old home
for a fortnight," she said; "how delightful
it must be to go back where there is true old
love to welcome you. You once told me about
your uncle, and showed me a little picture of
him. I can never forget what a fine, noble-
looking man he was."

Now this was a theme that would have
melted poor Mrs. Raye's heart toward the
bitterest enemy in the world. She thawed
instantly, and drew her chair a little nearer
Leonore, whom she only distrusted and felt
uncomfortable with.

"Yes, if you only knew him," she whis-
pered. "I hope some time to persuade
Lionel and him to meet each other—is it not
unfortunate two such noble men should
differ, and the cause be their love for me—
but I trust they will be reconciled, and I
must acknowledge that dear Uncle Stephen is
to blame. Lionel never thought of disagree-
ing till he began to interfere—what a shock-
ing thing it is to have property, Miss Raye.
You cannot think how much I wish for
Lionel's sake that I had been poor, it would
have saved him so much uneasiness."

Miss Raye's face grew very grave as she
listened to the simple childlike tone of trust-
fulness, and saw the truthful, innocent eyes
seek her so appealingly. She was nearly
half-a-dozen years younger than the speaker,
but Mrs. Raye seemed so helplessly confi-
ding, that she felt old and cunning in com-
parison.

"I should be sorry to lose my fortune,"
she said thoughtfully, "it gives me a sense
of power, and it ought to be able to give
happiness too."

"Oh, mine does not; I think we would be
truly blessed if it were not for the dread-
ful money, it keeps us continually worried. I
cannot explain to any one how I hate it."

Very opportunely for Mrs. Raye, who was
flushed and almost tearful on the subject of
her troubles, Adah and Bertha entered and
changed the theme. They made no allusion
to Uncle Stephen or the home visit, so she
did not again fall into confidence, and re-
covering her composure, withdrew from Leon-
ore slightly, and seemed to regard her with
renewed coldness and distrust.

It was lovely summer weather now, and Mrs.
Weatherington of Maple Hill was going to
delight the gay world with a fancy ball in
honor of young Barton's birthday. Mrs.
Barton's boy being the only man child in a
large family, a grand ovation to the heir was
arranged, and the ladies from The Poplars
were going to be there. It was the first time
they had accepted an invitation to so large
a festivity, and the twin sisters were plea-
santly excited on the subject of what should
be worn, and how much elegant black prop-
riety demanded should mingle in their costume.

Mrs. Raye took delight in such things
also, and the discourse grew animated. Her
husband hailed this diversion with satisfac-
tion. Leonore had little to say, she pre-
ferred effect rather than discussion in dress,
and knew that she had the art of taking
them by storm with her exquisite devices.
She stood apart and Mr. Raye joined her; he
had something important to say—he had dis-
covered the exact truth of some little sub-
ject in dispute between them on a former
occasion, and possessed the art of making
trifles both interesting and important. He
was brilliant and eloquent only on small
themes, and without a grand motive or noble
aspiration his intellect frittered itself away
in fancy gleams of brightness, content to
spend its strength in winning efforts to
gratify his unscrupulous desires.

He had determined to be incomprehensibly
correct in all the particulars, so he had made
notes on his tablet; they must go to the
lady window, that he might consult the
writing, which was faint on the ivory leaf.
That was what he wished; there they were
together, away from the group, who all en-
thusiasm, compared gossip as to the Maple

Hill splendors. Olivia was not too deeply
engaged to be unconscious of the manoeuvre.
She looked sharply at Leonore, at the pro-
position, and that glance decided the per-
verse little creature. She smiled on Mr.
Raye and followed him instantly.

The heavy lace curtains fell behind them
as they passed beneath the drapery and stood
in the clear summer light. Their figures
were like shadows behind the screen, but
annoyingly clear to Olivia, whose angry
glance followed them in their retreat. Un-
conscious Mrs. Raye was so full of the idea
of being a shepherdess in a blue and white
silk with spangles, that she was for the mo-
ment forgetful of her wandering lord.

"Be Aurora," she persuaded Adah; "your
hair is so long and golden, and white and
pink would be so becoming."

It was an interesting topic, and no wonder
the ladies, throwing themselves into the
spirit of it, were unmindful of all else.
Nearly half an hour went by, and the two
forms still showed their outline through the
curtain, and Olivia's eyes watched them
covertly while she feigned to join in the
character discussion, and submit to the rather
modernized dress of Minerva that was im-
posed for her own adornment.

"If we had a Rebecca and a Rowena, Mr.
Wallace would be a grand Ivanhoe," said
Mrs. Raye, quite elated at the genius she
was developing for fancy dress.

Olivia gave a sudden start and uttered a
half formed exclamation.

"Should you object to it?" asked the dis-
tributor of characters, with wide-opened
eyes. "I beg your pardon, but I thought it
would be exceedingly becoming."

Olivia murmured some unintelligible reply,
and remained singularly flushed and dis-
pleased looking. She had not even heard
her lover's "Aurora," as Ivanhoe; her nervous
watchfulness had been rewarded by seeing
Mr. Raye, who was standing close beside
Leonore, take her unresisting hand and press
it to his lips. Mrs. Raye glanced timidly
from one to the other of the sisters.

"I did not mean that Mr. Wallace should
be suspected of having any love but one,"
she said, in awkward explanation. "I am
essaying the shepherdess, and I'm sure I
don't think I ever spoke to a sheep in my
life. I didn't mean to say there was a real
Rebecca, you know."

Before she had quite finished her wander-
ing apology, a sharp crash startled them all,
and a fall of shattered glass strewn the
carpet in the bay window; the same moment
Miss Raye ran out, white and frightened,
and Mr. Raye followed, his face streaming
with blood. His wife's innocent pleasure
died out of her face, and with a cry of horror
she rose, then fell back and fainted away,
partly falling from her chair.

Miss Copeland was the only one who re-
tained the power of speech.

"How did it happen? What is it?" she
asked.

Mr. Raye was no hero—he was pitifully
startled, and his very lips were white.

"I cannot tell," he stammered, with a
cowardly tremble in his voice. "I was
speaking to Miss Raye and totally unpre-
pared for such a thing. I beg Miss Copeland, that
you'll allow some of your people to ride to
Dr. Wilson's, it's only a quarter of a mile,
and this wound bleeds copiously."

He had never once glanced at his fainting
wife, but seemed more than necessarily alive
to his own suffering. Olivia rang the bell
and begged her garden's son to go at once
for the physician; then she went into the
window and picked up a sharp and bloody
first stone.

"Pray, Adah, attend to Mrs. Raye, and
Bertha call Barbara to bind Mr. Raye's
temple. I must see about this at once, or
the trace may be lost."

Bertha, the most helpless of young ladies,
looked perfectly dazed when left to attend
to the wounded man, and Leonore, who
seemed scarcely less alarmed, came to her
relief instantly by using her own handker-
chief.

"What shall I do?" murmured Adah.
"Mrs. Raye is going to die. Oh, look at her
face, how white it is!"

Olivia returned with a servant, bringing
couchman, wine and smelling salts.
"I cannot find Barbara," she had gone to
the village for household orders, and we
must make do with me. Give me a napkin,
Betty; that handkerchief is not sufficient to
prevent the flow of blood, Mr. Raye."

So with a cold and constrained manner,
but perfectly skillful hands, Miss Copeland
rebound Mr. Raye's gashed forehead, and
began restoring his wife.

The wound was a disagreeable one, but as
it afterwards proved, neither severe nor
dangerous. The poor lady herself was quite
dazed, and regaining her consciousness, was still
so pale and faint that she could not stand
upon her feet.

"Do not be alarmed, dear Mrs. Raye,"
said Olivia, pitying her. "I do not think
your husband's injury will prove at all re-
morse. It was the fright that was the worst
of it. I cannot now discover the origin of
such a strange affair, but I am very, very
sorry that you are its victim."

own destruction. Thus all the aquatic fur-bearing animals make for deep water directly they find themselves in danger. In order to drown his captive, the trapper makes use of a contrivance called the sliding pole. A pole is cut from ten to twelve feet in length, with branches on the small end sufficient to prevent the ring of the chain from falling off. The ring is slipped on the large end, and the small end is inclined over the deepest part of the stream. When the animal is caught in the trap, which hangs by a short chain attached to the ring, he plunges to the bottom; the ring runs down the pole to the small end, where it is held fast to the bottom of the stream, and the captive, being unable to rise again, is speedily drowned. Beavers in particular are caught in this way. The land animals, again, if left in a trap on the ground, will either bite off their own legs to get free, or will be devoured by some other animal. The trapper uses a springpole for these, so arranged that when the fisher or marten is caught in the trap it struggles to dislodge the pole from its fastening, and, springing up with a bound, the trap is carried high into the air, and the animal hangs so that it cannot escape by self-amputation, or become the prey of anything else. In the case of the otter, its love of frolicking brings it to ruin. Otters, like children, have a peculiar taste for sliding down wet and muddy banks. These slides are found all along the streams that they inhabit.

The otters are frequently seen wandering in troops of four or six up or down a stream, and travelling for miles over hills and through swamps, from one stream or lake to the nearest point of another. In their rambles they make it a point to have a game of antics at every slide on their route.

Availing himself of this propensity of the animal, the trapper places his trap at the top entrance of these slides, and when the unfortunate victim returns for his gambols, he finds them of a sudden cut short in the most unpleasant manner.

The Church of the Catacombs.

Outside the gates of Rome were large subterranean excavations, extending under the city, and far into the Campagna, called "Catacombs." These excavations were formerly sand quarries, dug out by slaves, for the purpose of obtaining *tufa*, a kind of sand used for cement. The openings or entrances to each quarry were, and are still, scattered about in different parts of the city and Campagna, forming altogether an immense subterranean network. These catacombs were at first the lurking-places of robbers and murderers, but were afterwards turned to purposes of concealment by the early Christians, who, during seasons of danger or persecution, hid in them, worshipped in them, lived in them, died, and were buried in them. The period in which the Pauline church flourished was a period of suspicion, persecution, and cruelty. The primitive Christians were always objects of persecution in one form or another—that is, with the exception of one or two brief seasons, called "persecutions," when the whole of the empire was occupied by an emperor favorable to Christianity—and the safest hiding-place in Rome, were in its dark, winding, subterranean caverns. The traditions and legends handed down to us—the historical records of the early church—but above all the many affecting monuments of these Christians still existing in the catacombs, or preserved in the Vatican Museum, abundantly prove these facts. The catacombs abound in small chambers or chapels—approachable only by tortuous passages—and tombs for the reception of the dead, in many of which skeletons and bones have recently been found. On many of the slabs, too, there are inscriptions for the most part, roughly carved and badly spelt, relating to the buried ones, with the monogram of Christ, or the simple words, "Laid to sleep," "In Christ," "In peace," affixed. Occasionally, a few words of eulogy on the departed one may be given, but more generally the name only is inscribed with one of the phrases just quoted, and a symbolical sign, such as an olive-branch, a dove, a fish, or a ship; the olive-branch signifying the peaceful character of the religion of Jesus; the dove, an emblem of the Holy Spirit; the fish denoting Christ; and the ship, the earth. Here among the tombs of their departed friends, the early disciples used to meet, and remote from all the haunts of men, read of Christ, and offered worship to Him. Here, undisturbed by fearful intruders, or persecuting soldiers, they worshipped Him who is a Spirit, "in spirit and in truth."

How a French Officer Marries.

An officer in the French army finds it no very simple matter to get married. He has first to make a formal request of his colonel for permission. He certifies to the condition in life and moral standing of the bride elect. The colonel sends the demand to the general commanding the department, who sends it to the general commanding the division. If the bride lives in another district, he writes to his fellow-officer of the division in which she does live. The demand then descends to the general of the division general to the brigadier, who writes to a *commandant de place*, who consults a commissioner of police and a mayor; then the mayor and commissioner reply to the *commandant de place*, who sends his answer to his *café*. The demand then goes to a marshal, and if he does not exact any further information, he proposes to the Minister of War to ratify the permission; coming from the hands of the postman, the packet is unsolicited by a clerk, who adds a stamp, a subordinate reads it, sends it to another clerk, who puts a number above and records the number on another sheet of paper, with an analysis of the affair; this sheet is then signed by a chief and sub-chief, then goes to a director, who sends it to the *chef de bureau*, he gives it to his deputy, then an orderly clerk reinscribes the number of the packet, registers it and sends it to another, who makes a report of the analysis. The three members of this last bureau then record the whole, the chief then signs it, submits it to the director, who submits it to the minister, who accepts or refuses. If the bride and groom are still living when the arrangements are concluded, and think it worth while to get married for what little time they have to live, the marriage is consummated.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not lead me astray;
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content—
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfill;
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can ought my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go;
Oft amid thorns and briars keen;
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MANSFIELD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI. NEWS OF WAR.

Reader, have you never made one at some pompous dinner-party, where the viands are good and plentiful, but the talk is slack and not worth hearing, and but for your good-fortune in being neighbor to the only pleasant person in the company, you would have wished yourself, I do not say at your club—for it is probable there are few dinner-parties whereat you would not do that—but even at your bachelor lodgings with a chop and a pint of stout? The master of the house appreciates your conversational powers, and has even asked you, you shrewdly suspect, for the very purpose of making the entertainment "go off," which even now hangs fire like a damp squib. The company acknowledge your mental superiority, although your opinions may be too "advanced" or high-flying to be grasped by their dull and sordid intellects; and yet you feel that if it was not for that plump and pleasant little neighbor of yours in white muslin, the whole affair would be utterly insupportable. This was something like the position in which Valentine Blake found himself after some months' residence at Dewbank Hall. He was as popular there, in a negative sort of way, as it was possible for any man to be among such people. Where there is no love, there is generally but little liking, and neither his host nor hostess were capable of even the latter spiritual effort; but Mr. Woodford was well convinced that the man he had engaged to be his son's tutor was doing his work in a conscientious manner, and he showed his sense of it by an expressive silence. I doubt whether any word of praise—save self-congratulation—had ever passed the lips of Ernest Woodford. He was one of those who consider that all men are bound to do their duty towards them, without acknowledgment, and that their own duty mainly consists in finding fault when it is not done; the absence, therefore, of reproof from the Black Squire was, to a well-constituted mind, equivalent to the highest commendation.

Mrs. Woodford was even more demonstrative; she had roused herself twice or thrice from her habitual lethargy, to say a few words of thanks to Valentine for the manifest improvement that was apparent in Master Bentinck. She lifted her heavy eyelids and saw, with what would have been surprise in another, that the young man now made his appearance in the drawing-room before dinner, and with clean hands, instead of coming straight from the stable to the dinner-table, he would speak when he was spoken to, and ceased to keep up a certain disaffected growl, with which he used to favor his friends and relatives, when his father was out of hearing. The bear was certainly being licked into shape, though whether the system pursued had affected him beyond externals, was still doubtful. Valentine, always ready to believe the best, was sanguine about this; Mr. Woodford, on the other hand, was suspicious and cynical. He allowed Bentinck behaved himself better than of yore.

"But you don't know that boy as I know him, Mr. Blake; you may depend upon it there is some reason—and not a good one—lying at the bottom of this improvement; you flatter yourself it will prove deep and lasting; I tell you it is temporary and shallow. Now, mark my words, sir; I don't know what mischief it is he's planning; but Ben is overreaching you at this very moment."

Valentine smiled at this, but was obliged to own to himself that he had spoken more hopefully about his pupil than his own convictions quite warranted. He was well aware that he had not succeeded in winning the stubborn lad's regard, though thanks to their first meeting, as much as to anything that had subsequently taken place, he had managed to extort his respect. Not even the brutal and lawless refusal allegiance to the dauntless heart when coupled with the strong right hand; and it was with the intention of increasing his means of influence that Valentine narrated to the lad those occurrences of warfare and adventure in his former life, to which his own natural humility would otherwise have forbidden him to refer. He felt little better than a pitiful boaster, when sometimes, in the description of some stirring scene of peril and combat, Miss Evelyn would glide into the parlour, and beg of him not to cease, for that what he was saying interested her to the full as much as her own in Bentinck. If anything

like the feeling which grew up between Desdemona and the Moor arose in consequence of these stirring narratives in Evelyn Sefton's bosom, it was not, to all appearance, reciprocated by the tutor. Whether mindful of the tacit promise he had given to Mr. Woodford, or because his heart was in reality pledged to another, he made no sign of love. His behavior to his employer's niece was gentle, chivalric—even tender; but so it was to all women, including Mrs. Woodford herself. But he unquestionably took pleasure in Evelyn's society, without which life at Dewbank Hall would indeed have been melancholy enough.

Among other plans for the amelioration of his impracticable pupil, the influence of the Press had been brought to bear upon him, as though he were some social evil. History and geography in the abstract the young gentleman could not be induced to imbibe, but Valentine imagined that some interest might be evoked for them out of the events of the time. The period—that of 1848—was pregnant with events. The irrepressible nationalities were asserting themselves; and the peoples "barking for the throne of kings." Wars and rumors of wars were arising on every hand in Europe, and the theological prophets were appointing a new and early date for the end of all things; a time when tyrants began to remember that they had a crick in their necks, and to hasten to render themselves constitutional, until the trouble should be overpast, and they might be able to reconsider the matter with judicial calm. It was curious to mark the contrast between tutor and pupil, reader and listener, as they sat with the only thing they had in common the great broad sheet of the *Times*, between them—the one so full of enthusiasm, of passionate hope, of belief in the night of Right; the other without one gleam of interest in the great motives of action that influenced either side, but not indifferent to the exciting details. The conflagration of Europe ranked in Bentinck's mind with a highly spiced police report.

"I should like to be at a sack," observed he frankly upon one occasion, when Valentine, with burning cheeks, was reciting some horrible act of Austrian repression in Lombardy, the treating of some defenseless but suspected city as though it were a town taken by assault.

"You don't know what you say, Bentinck," replied the tutor, with grave severity. "Such a scene transforms even the bravest men to brutes. I remember when we were out of the Imperialists in the Lagunes of St. Catherine; their vessels were active to one, and they had seized the only channel which gave access to the sea. It was only a question of time, when they should drive us, as the net drives the fish, into a corner of our narrow prison, there to capture or destroy us. Then Giuseppe put in practice a stratagem which another hero, Robert Bruce, had taught him centuries before. He caused huge carriages to be built, very strong though very rude, and placing ourselves upon them, dragged them, with a hundred oxen yoked each, through a long ravine by a road half mud and half water. It was a three day's journey, notwithstanding that the masts were taken out, so that our vessels scarcely looked like ships at all. The *carrares* and toll were excessive, but we reached the sea at last. Then, when the very existence of our little fleet was denied or discredited, we sailed down upon a Brazilian stronghold. We were by that time commanded by another general of superior rank to him who had so miraculously brought us out of peril; our men were burning to revenge their recent hardships, and the town was given up to pillage; God pitied and forgave us all!"

A look of indescribable compassion and horror came over Valentine Blake, and he passed his hand over his eyes, as though to efface some terrible vision.

"And what did you do?" inquired Bentinck, with considerable interest. "Did you shoot anybody?"

"I? Yes! I shot one of my own men," returned Valentine, honestly; "and yet I would do so again, just as I would shoot a wild beast, if—Hush; here is your cousin."

"News, news!" cried Evelyn, entering the room in haste with that day's newspaper, just arrived, and streaming from her hand like a banner; "the Austrians have fled from Milan!"

"Are you certain, Evelyn?—Miss Sefton, I mean," exclaimed the tutor, smiling to his feet.

"Nay, Mr. Blake," returned she, snatching, "I am not 'our own correspondent,' but certainly it is so stated here. Radetzky left the city at midnight. All Lombardy is aglow with war. Here, you can read it yourself."

Valentine seized the paper with tremulous fingers, and ran his eyes down the long double-headed column with eager haste. Presently, they caught a particular sentence, and straightway pause with joyous light, then softened, as they glanced towards Evelyn, into something like regret.

"Bentinck," cried he, excitedly, "you must have a holiday this morning; I can think of nothing else besides this glorious news."

The young gentleman nodded approval, and without waiting for further permission, escaped through the glass-door that opened on the lawn.

"Mr. Blake," cried the girl, with quiet earnestness, "why have you never told us your friend's name, but always called him Giuseppe?"

"Because that is his name, Miss Evelyn," answered Valentine, smiling, "and the one by which I always knew him."

"Yes, but not the one by which he was known to others. He has started for Milan, has he not? It is Garibaldi!"

"It is Garibaldi," repeated the tutor in reverent tones. "I could not have borne to hear his name coupled with unworthy prejudices—misapprehensions. Forgive me, Miss Evelyn."

"And you are going to join him, Mr. Blake," continued she, without heeding his last words. "I read it in your face."

"Yes, my sword is vowed to him. My duty—pointing to the sentence with his finger—"lies this way."

"Yes, and your wishes," answered Evelyn, "are to be frank and own it."

"Would Miss Sefton desire that my wishes should be apart from my duty?" answered the tutor, gravely. "No; I am sure she would not."

"And yet you have no country's wrongs to redress, Mr. Blake."

"That is true. I have no country, no home, no friends even—Great Heaven! what is this?"

Pale as a corpse, Evelyn would have fallen on the ground, had Valentine not received her in his arms. He had not noticed for the last few minutes she had only supported herself by aid of the writing-table, and that the words she spoke had been uttered in a hoarse unnatural key. He could not help touching her white cheek, which was as cold as ice, and as he did so, the very contact seemed to set the blood flowing through her pale blue veins. She opened her large eyes, and then blushed crimson.

"I am so sorry to have been so foolish," said she with difficulty, as he placed her tenderly upon the couch. "I have never fainted in all my life before. I suppose it must have been the heat. Thank you; yes, I should like a glass of water."

The tutor flew for the refreshment in question, and sent it by the hand of Mary Ripston; perhaps he wished to relieve Evelyn from embarrassment; perhaps he did not like to trust himself again so near his employer's niece, under such interesting circumstances, notwithstanding the pre-occupation of his own affections. He did not even tarry in the house, but took a long walk over the hills, from which he came back only just in time for dinner. A visitor was being lionized over the little church as he passed the door in the morning; and on his return, perceiving the sexton working in his garden, Valentine called to him over the low wall to ask him about the stranger.

"He's a Mr. Fosbrook," returned the old man, peevishly; "and not much count, I should think. I showed him both church and church-yard, and he only gave me a threepenny-piece. I hope he'll be more liberal to Dr. Warton."

"Why so? Is the gentleman ill?"

"Well, he says so," continued the old man, in his grumbling key; "although I can't say as I see much the matter with him. He's a-staying at the *Wrestler's Arms*—a pretty place for an invalid, to be sure—and when the doctor went to see him this afternoon, he asked him to dine with him. But he'll not give him much of a dinner, you may take your oath; and I shouldn't wonder if he never gave him a fice. However, there's one thing," added the old fellow, with a leer; "whatever Master Warton gets for his advice, it'll be more than his worth."

"The doctor's bad to-day, is he?" returned Valentine, carelessly, although he was well aware that the cynical sexton was not referring to any temporary ailment.

"Well, he's no worse than usual, as I know on," was the gruff reply. "But he's getting as peevish and fretful as a child. He'll make no old bones, he won't. I shall have to make his bed for him before six months are out—ay, or sooner than that."

The cloud which sat on Valentine's brow when he left the Hall had thinned a little during his walk, but now grew darker even than before. On his way out, he had caught a glimpse of Mr. Fosbrook's face, and thought it was not altogether strange to him; but other reflections had occupied him, to the exclusion of that circumstance. Then suddenly, as he neared the church, again a suspicion had flashed upon his mind, and caused him to interrogate the sexton. The old man's replies convinced him—if he had needed conviction—that Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy had given way to those sentimental emotions, at which his mother had hinted, so far as to visit Sandalwaite in person, although (perhaps to avoid the assumption) he was doing so under an assumed name.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LIGHT IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

Such a tempest of rain and equinoctial winds swept the valley on the evening that Valentine made the discovery narrated in the last chapter, that not a villager stirred out of doors. The rain-drops beating in sheets against the windows, and the roaring of the fire-trunks as they bowed reluctantly before the gale, made up the only music heard in Dewbank Hall that night; for Evelyn did not, as was her wont, take her place at the piano in the drawing-room—work was sent that Mrs. Woodford felt more indispensed than usual, and that her niece would remain upstairs to nurse her.

"A nice house should I've got," observed her husband, as he sat in the study, looking at the clock; "not only a sick wife, which is worse than none at all, but one that always wants somebody else to look after her, and that somebody the very one that I want. She knows that music is about the only thing I care for—but what of that? Evelyn must watch her going to sleep, it seems; and I'm to be left with nobody to amuse me—at least, of course, Mr. Blake, I'm very glad of your company; but if you were a servant instead of a tutor, it would be just the same; while, as for Bentinck, he's off to the stable the moment he has had enough to eat and drink. Mrs. Woodford might just as well have presented me with a colt, as with that boy."

The main advantage, however, which Mr. Woodford was wont to derive from the harmonies of the piano-forte, was upon this occasion made up to him by nature; for at his usual time, and in his usual place, the drawing-room sofa—the Black Squire dropped asleep. Glad enough to be thus released from his task of companionship, and left free to grapple with his own pressing thoughts, Valentine seized his waterproof cap and cloak, and stepped out into the roaring night. Under any circumstances, this war-worn, travel-tried man paid little attention to weather; if he wished to take the air, the "wet," for which even the Hardy among stay-at-home folk entertain such genuine respect, never stood in his way; but to-night the strife of the elements was in union with his own contending emotions, and the heavy rain and furious wind beat gratefully against his fevered forehead. It would not have been easy even for a native of the place to have found his way, in this bewildering storm, through the pitch darkness of the avenue; but Valentine Blake steered himself so well that he reached the open road without the least mishap. It was late enough for all of the good people at Sandalwaite who kept much better hours than the Black Squire to have retired to

rest; but at all events there was only a single light to be seen in the direction of the *Wrestler's Arms*, and which he rightly concluded to stream from the spare parlor (there was but one) on the upper floor, at present in the occupation of Mr. Woodford Murphy, and where he was probably at this moment supplying his only too willing guest, the doctor, with fiery potatoes. But although there was much that was suggestive and even suspicious to Valentine in the meeting of those two men, his mind was at present occupied with more important, or at least more personal matters: his promise given to Garibaldi that he would join him whenever the time might come for Italy to draw her sword; his duty to Mr. Woodford, with respect to throwing up so suddenly the charge he had undertaken in Bentinck; and a certain other question, in which his conscience was still more troubled, and in which obligation at open war—these considerations occupied him wholly as he strode with rapid though aimless steps through the unheeded storm. Still, his faculties, trained in the school of the forest and the prairie, were fully alive to external things, and he was brought to a halt as abruptly as though he were looking for nothing else, by a flash of light from the churchyard.

It was not lightning, for although almost as swift and sudden, it did not light up the landscape; but it was far brighter and more quickly quenched than any gleam which could have come from the old sexton's lantern. Valentine Blake was by no means a superstitious man—far in any shape, so far as himself was concerned, was quite unknown to him; but a light in Sandalwaite churchyard upon such a night did seem somewhat eerie and uncanny even to him. He did not waste time, however, in guessing what it might be, but hastened his steps, which were already bent in that direction, towards the spot from which it proceeded. He knew the exact locality, because the light had been flashed down upon him, and the only elevated place in the little cluster of houses which he was approaching was the *God's Acre*. This was surrounded on two sides by the stream that issued from the lake, and which had now become a furious torrent, rolling the huge boulders over and over in their rocky bed with such a din that no one thereabouts could have been aware of the approach of Valentine as he crossed the high stone bridge, even had he been a house-soldier at full gallop. Without troubling himself to feel for the gate, which he knew was somewhere upon his right hand, he vaulted over the low churchyard wall, and then remained motionless, feeling sure that he should presently see the light again, since it seemed improbable that the person who carried it should have seen all he needed in a single flash. Nor was he disappointed. Scarcely had he taken up his position, when the dark lantern, for such it was, was once more unshaded, and this time for a sufficient period to let him see the immediate objects upon which it was turned. These were almost close beside him—so close that he was himself within only a few feet of the broad line of light—and consisted of the following:—item, a little open grave, from which the turf had apparently been just removed; item, a duodecimo coffin, the nails whereof, rusty as they were, glistened in the rays of the lantern; and item, Mr. Woodford Murphy leaning on a spade, that afforded a very convenient prop to his trembling limbs.

"There, that's the box!" exclaimed the light-holder, invisible of course to Valentine, but the husky indistinctness of whose tones announced him for Herbert Warton, as surely as the noonday sun were shining full upon him. "You have only to take the lid off, Mr. Fosbrook, and you will find I have not deceived you."

"I had rather not," returned the shrinking youth, in his thin and quavering voice. "I am not used to this kind of thing."

"Dumme, sir, and neither am I," returned the doctor with irritation. "I am no more a body-snatcher than you are. If the look of the coffin is sufficient for you, well and good; you may put it back again as soon as you like. But don't stand staring at it as though it would bite you, till half the village is brought out at it too."

"Thus adjured, the unfortunate 'Woody'—ghastly pale and terror-stricken, and yet with a certain greed in his weak eyes that, coupled with his occupation, gave him a strong resemblance to a Ghoul—knelt down upon the sodden earth, and strove to insert a corner of the spade so as to prize up the coffin-lid; but his trembling hands could effect nothing."

"What a dilly-divered young rascal he is!" exclaimed the doctor, impatiently, after watching these ineffectual efforts for nearly a minute. "Here, give me the spade, and do you hold the lantern."

And now the light began to assume an appearance truly Will of the Wisp like, and one which might easily have been taken by the scientific for an "exhalation," or by the superstitious for a "corpse candle." In the doctor's fingers, its gleam had been far from steady; but in those of the young visitor from the metropolis it wavered this way and that, so that Valentine looked upon his own discovery as certain, albeit he was very unwilling that it should take place before he had found out what strange thing the two confederates might have in view.

"Confound you, put it down," roared the doctor, who both had to speak at the top of their voices, although they were scarcely a yard apart. "One would think it was St. Anthony's Fire, instead of a dark lantern. It is very fortunate that you are not the only fool in the world, or we should certainly have the sexton down upon us. But he too believes in ghosts, and would scarcely set foot in his own churchyard after night fall. Fancy!"—here the doctor paused in his sacrilegious work, and laughed within himself, exactly as Valentine had often seen him do when about to tell some humorous anecdote—"when a dog gets in here at night, Mr. Fosbrook, and scratches at a grave, or if a storm, like this, tears away the turf a bit—as it will be seen to have done to-morrow morning—the idea of this good man is, that it is a sign that the folk below are in want of company, and that there will be a death in the parish within twelve hours. Now, ain't that odd?"

"I wish you would make haste, sir," exclaimed poor Woody fervently. "The longer we stay here, the greater risk we run."

"Pish, pish, Mr. Fosbrook. There is no

risk so long as you have got your skin full of good liquor. No man ever caught cold when he was drunk; and if you are not drunk, sir, you ought to be, that's all. Where's the brandy?"

"I was not thinking of catching cold, sir; I was thinking—"

"Give me the brandy," interrupted the doctor angrily; "that's worth all the thought in the world. You've been drinking it, young man, as you came along; yes, you have, for I see it's lower. Ah! that's good. I have not tasted such stuff as this for a month, for that old curmudgeon at the inn will give me no credit. By Heaven! what a happy week I've got before me! Now, give me the fresh bottle also."

"Not till we've done this job," returned Mr. Woodford Murphy, with the courage of despair. "You shall have that and the money too, directly you have shown me what you promised. You may trust me implicitly—never fear."

"Trust you?" laughed the doctor ferociously (he was getting exceedingly drunk); "why, damme, if you didn't prove as good as your word, I'd just put you in this hole alive, and trample the turf over you, Mr. Foshbrook." He uttered the last word with a mocking drawl. "You reminded me of your mother when you said that, exceedingly. She always took great credit to herself for paying her just debts, but you have not your mother's pluck, not you have not, although he never did it me; your father's, indeed, sir, judging from the little I have seen of you, I should say you are but a scoundrel. However, we are not going to keep house together, so my not having taken a liking to you does not much matter. Now, see, I have come to the last nail. It is a question of ten thousand a year to you whether I have told you the truth or not, and yet all you are going to give me, in case I have, is a paltry hundred and fifty pounds. I suppose a youth of your description is incapable of feeling the sentiment of shame."

"I thought so. You're as pale as a sheet, then I must blush for you. There's the lid off at last; now you can satisfy your own eyes."

The light, turned full upon the little coffin, showed Mr. Foshbrook kneeling beside it, and exclaiming its contents with eager eyes. "Two bricks and a piece of wood!" exclaimed he triumphantly.

"Just so," chuckled the doctor. "Mr. Wilson kindly permitted them to be placed in consecrated ground, although the rites of the church had not been paid to the deceased. It was represented to him that the bereaved mother wished them to be placed near the grave of their great uncle, Tyson Harrison—that's the one you're standing upon—and it was altogether a very affecting business."

"Let us put it back again," observed Mr. Foshbrook with anxiety.

"What a practical youth it is, and how little given to the sentimental emotions!" observed the doctor with a sneer. "You remind me so strongly of that dear mother, Mr. Woodford Murphy, that I can hardly restrain myself from telling you over the head with this snail. We must not, my young friend, let these remains with unseemly haste. First, the fresh bottle of brandy you must take home the empty one, for if they find it here, they will be sure to say it's a fact that has made this money, secondly, the notes, which I will count if you please. Yes, they are all right; and indeed, thanks to your hospitality, there seem even to be more than they ought to be, and, thirdly, I have a few words to say to you—the wind has, you see, politely lulled a little. Before we part company, as I most sincerely hope we are about to do, for ever. I don't wish you to go away, young man, under the mistaken impression that you have made a fool of Herbert Warton. The information you have received from me has only gone to confirm the supposition already entertained by your father and mother, that I have betrayed no one, and least of all myself. I see you are smiling, sir, in a very disconcerting manner; you are pulled up with what you imagine to be a successful stroke of roguery. But listen a moment. If anything I have shown you here turns out to be harmful to me it is not my memory that will suffer. I shall be dead and gone long before your Uncle Ernest cuts his cable, and it is only after his death that this secret will be of any use to you. What ever folks may say of me, therefore, they will not call me a fool for having taken your money. Whereas—but let us first put back these precious relics, and make all things as smooth and green again as we can—whereas, Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy, when our little adventure of to-night is being discussed, it will be remarked of your share in it that your mother sent her pig to a wrong market when she despatched you to Sandalshwaite."

"How so, doctor?" inquired Woody contemptuously. "Have I not found out what she wanted to know?"

"Certainly; as a child finds out how his watch goes by taking out the inside, and rendering it useless to him for the future. Why, can't you see, poor little fool—you that kept your head so clear in order to over-reach the doctor, and drink watered sherry while he was taking his brandy neat—don't you see, even now, that you have destroyed the value of this very evidence for which you have paid so much, by being so hoasty? I would, indeed, have been a great point to have shown what we have just seen, untouched and unimpaired with, to half a dozen impartial spectators, but very little use to do so here-forth. You can't get a private view of the inside of a grave, as your father gets of the picture exhibitions, without prejudice to its value, for what is certain to be said by your enemies—by those who do not know the simplicity of your disposition, my young friend—is this: That Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy came down to Sandalshwaite under the name of 'Foshbrook,' and deposited in the coffin of little Miss Ripson, and in the place of her infant bones, two bricks and a piece of wood."

The doctor's speech, although thick and indistinct, was distinguished by much malicious vehemence, and the effect of its peroration was greatly enhanced by his shouting in the door of the lanterns with his last word, and pronouncing total darkness. Nothing was heard for a few moments save the rustling of the storm; then an agonized cry broke forth from the unfortunate Woody, to the effect that if he fell into the river, the crime of

murder would rest upon the doctor's soul. At this, the person appealed to gave vent to such a guffaw of uproarious mirth that it answered all the purpose of a guide post, for the astute youth made at once for the point from which it came, and thereby discovered the still. Here he waited for some minutes, breathing hard, but uttering no word of complaint, though, like the parrot in the story, probably thinking all the more, while his late guest and companion marked his own way homeward by snatches of drunken laughter; then slowly and cautiously he made for the light still gleaming from the *Wreath of Arms*. After which, Valentine also turned his steps towards home, with much unlooked-for food for thought added to that which he had brought out with him.

CHAPTER XXXIII. TWO CASES OF BROW-AGUE.

Valentine Blake was an early riser, and never needed to be called; but before he was well awake upon the morning which followed the events narrated in the last chapter, there was a violent knocking at his chamber-door. Jacob, the groom, a Sandalshwaite man, and the only male servant at the Hall except the gardener, presented himself at the bedside, with that half-pleased, half-terrified expression of countenance which persons of his class are wont to wear when they have any catastrophe to communicate. If there is something about the misfortune of our friends not altogether unpleasant to us, the disasters of our betters are certainly still more gratifying; and the tutor guessed at once from Jacob's face that something had gone wrong in the house, and that it had not happened to a fellow-servant.

"Is your mistress worse, or what is the matter?" asked he hastily.

"No, sir; it's not that; nor master neither, nor yet Mr. Bentinck."

"Good God! it's not Miss Evelyn?" ejaculated Valentine, leaping to his feet, and thrusting on some of his clothes.

"No, sir, nor it's not Miss Evelyn," continued the groom mysteriously. "You would never guess who it is, sir, seeing him out and about in all weathers, and here as well as anywhere, and known to us all so well that it seems almost as bad as being gone one's self. Poor Dr. Warton's dead, sir."

Certainly Valentine would never have guessed who it was. He had had the doctor in his mind well nigh all night, for he had dreamed of him unceasingly; but even in his dreams he had never associated him with death. On the contrary, his last thoughts before going to sleep had been of the steps which it would become his duty to take with respect to that very person; and now he had been snatched from the web of human life altogether, and was to be no more questioned by man.

"Yes, I know'd you'd tell it, sir, as much as anybody," resumed Jacob, mistaking the cause of the tutor's silence, "notwithstanding you never know'd him in his own house. I have not said the doctor, for I thought you'd better do it, and likewise Miss and Miss Evelyn; but Mr. Bentinck, I told him, and he swore at me for waking him up with news such as he says will kill; but he shouldn't talk like that, I told him, for the poor doctor was the man as first brought him into the world; and then he bawled his boots at my head; and so I came to you, sir."

"You did right, Jacob," said Valentine thoughtfully. "I will break the news myself. But how did it happen? and are you sure it's true? for it must have been very sudden."

"Ah! you may say sudden indeed, sir. That's the most terrible part of it. He was a doctor at the *Wreath of Arms*, as called him in for advice, it seems; and they drank and drank together profusely. Some say it was a wager, and that the doctor won it, as it's most likely he did; and besides there was a deal of money found in his pockets; and we know how poor he was before, so that he could scarcely get trust for his whiskey today. Well, this Mr. Foshbrook had seen him home, it seems, and given him a bottle of brandy, meaning nothing but kindness, though it was his death blow; but he didn't go to bed, not he. About daybreak, as near as it might be, this morning, his old handily hears a terrible noise overhead, and knows at once as the poor doctor has fallen; and when she ran in, without waiting for so much as a petticoat, there he was upon the floor, all wet through, having been out in the storm, and chill as well as a stone, and when she saw the bottle lying with the little that had been left within it snail about, she knew—because he had been always so careful of good liquor—that he was nothing less than dead. And so it was."

During this narration, the tutor had been dressing as expeditiously as possible; and now, it being still early, and none of the family stirring, he resolved to take a walk to the village before breakfast. It was a lovely morning, and the rain of the previous night, glistening upon the green leaves and turf, made the face of penitent Nature very beautiful; but Valentine felt much sadder than when he had last trodden the same way, scarce six hours ago, through the blinding storm. He had known men, whose faces were at least as familiar to him as that of Herbert Warton, to die as suddenly—may be had seen them fall dead by scores about him on the battle-field, and yet their fate had not affected him as this man's had done. So it was with most of us. We hear or read of hundreds, nay, thousands of our fellow-creatures killed in action, without the thrill of horror that a single death from a chance bullet close to our own doors will cause us. We read, almost unmoved, under the head of "Missing Vessel" (it happens every week), that a whole ship's company have been blotted from the list of the living; and yet, when a boy is drowned bathing in the river that skirts our lawn, we are sharply grieved. Soldiers perish, and sailors drown; but it is the violent or sudden death of the stay-at-home neighbors—the nearness and the unexpectedness together which moves us most. If Valentine was thus touched, how much more were the simple folks of Sandalshwaite, where whose doors Death came but seldom—seldom ever without decent notice—and generally preceded by "the three warnings."

The disease which most affected people in

those parts was that of extreme old age; and the poor doctor was only sixty or so, in other words, in the prime of life. True, he had looked worn and broken for some time, but still there was nothing in that to mitigate the suddenness of such a catastrophe as this. It was also not unknown that he drank deeply; but drinking was a weakness so common to his neighbors, that it was felt very indecorous to attribute his fate to liquor. It was allowed that he had taken more than was good for him upon the fatal night; but the general verdict of his Sandalshwaite friends was, that "that 'ud ha' done him no harm, does ye, if there had na been summat wrong with his heart." They alluded, of course, to a physical ailment.

All his faults of temper were forgotten, now that he was no more; while his gentleness, his love of anecdote, and his open-handedness (for whenever there was anything in his hand, poor fellow, he was ready enough to bestow it), were gratefully remembered. The old sexton alone (whom the tutor overtook upon the road) had anything to say with reference to the doctor's defects.

"He was allus obstinate, Mr. Blake," said he, "and disbelieving in respect to signs; and now—not that I wish to throw a stone at him, poor soul, just because he's in heaven—it has come home to himself. Again and again he has called me an old gowk—and yet he has gone first, you see, for it ain't the young as lives the longest, about warnings and such like, and as though a man didn't know his own trade especially with regard to them grave fallings, which he would always have it came from the water-springs, or the storms, or dog-scratchings, or what not; and now, only last night, there came one for himself, poor man. 'Tis in the north-east corner, just where old Tyson Harrison lies; yet I wish that my words had not been proved so sadly, and that he was alive to laugh at me now; for he'd a done it, sir, he would, if this had happened to anybody else; for he was that stubborn that he never gave in to nobody. I shan't put him high that ere place, however, lest folks should say it was spite; and God Almighty knows I forgive him, just as though he had allowed he was wrong."

"I see you come from the *Wreath of Arms*," said Valentine thoughtfully. "Has anything been seen of Mr. Foshbrook this morning?"

"Yes, sir, his back," returned the old man grimly. "He was off in a car, pack and package, directly he heard of what had happened. He said the news had shaken him so, that in his weak state of health he didn't know what effect it might have upon him. He certainly did look pale enough. I wonder how the doctor came to get all that money out of him, for, if not from him, where could it ha' come from? However, I'm right glad if, for it'll pay his debts and bury him very comfortable."

Thus, with what charity lay in him, did each one among the groups collected round the dead man's door, to be morning conversation, tell of some secretly secretive, and store for them, and close at hand, otherwise, they might not have made so much of the present occasion. If people died, and were not buried—if they sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven without the intermediate offices of the undertaker—many honest folks would be deprived of a legitimate pleasure. The procession from the Hall, joined by other sombre bands which fell in respectfully behind them, trooped into church for the burial-service. All the parish were there assembled who did not accompany the corpse itself. Presently, it was borne in. Many honest tears were shed at the sight of it. Valentine, who shed none, although, as has been shown, he was sorry, glanced round the church, and remarked with surprise that Mrs. Wilson was not accompanied by her daughter. The service ended, and the congregation flowing in noisy waves to the churchyard, he found himself next to the Minister's wife.

"Miss Lucy is not here," said he; "I trust she is not ill?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Blake; I am sorry to say the poor child is very unwell; she has the brow-ague."

Valentine bowed his head in token of sympathy, but he did not speak; his mind on a sudden became the prey of a dreadful apprehension. Disentangling himself with difficulty from the crowd that was edging towards the grave-mouth, he turned his steps rapidly homeward; not so fast, however, but that he was overtaken by a little boy, with a bag of crumpled paper in his arm, in token of respect for the departed, but otherwise in shining mourning robes, his jacket and trousers at once proclaiming him as a wilful worker in the now closed work-mine.

He held a letter in his hands, the envelope of which might have been considered for the same reason mourning-note-paper, and very deep edged. "I was to give this to you, sir, from Mr. Adams," panted the breathless boy. "He said it was to be put in your hands immediately; but when I got to the Hall, you was gone to church, and I didn't like to give it to you in service-time."

Valentine took the missive and tore it open.

"Directly you get this, sir, make haste to the Seven Sisters. Something very bad is meant, I don't, to somebody, by you know who. Be there by noon, at latest. Perhaps I ought to interfere myself, but I dare not—I dare not."

Now the Seven Sisters were a group of fir trees so called in that very valley. Valentine looked at his watch; gave his hat, encumbered with its trappings of woe, into the boy's hand, with instructions to leave it at Hall; and then, to the astonishment of his juvenile spectator, started off bare-headed, and at full speed, across the field, leaping the stone walls that lay in his way, and wading through the river itself, and breasting the opposite fell as no runner in Sandalshwaite could have breasted it save across the very man he was now pursuing, with a clear couple of miles' start of him, and garments better suited for a mountain run than funeral bonnets and Sunday hats. But after such a warning, Valentine Blake would

not have hesitated, even had circumstances compelled him to run in irons. He knew there was some devilry afoot—that evil was menacing the innocent; and if he had known the full extent of the crime and the danger, muscle, and lungs, and sinew could not have been taxed more heavily than they were. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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In answer to the assertion that a crow tastes as good as a partridge, another writer says:—You can no more make a crow fit to eat than you can a king-coral. It never becomes fat or apparently changes its physical condition from being a lot of big bones filled in with integuments as ineffectual as India-rubber.

An article on the American National Currency, in a New York contemporary, states that the number of counterfeit legal tender notes, contrary to the anticipation of the country when greenbacks were first introduced, has been exceedingly limited. Two serious obstacles, it adds, have never been completely surmounted by the counterfeiters, the difficulty of imitating the green ink tint and the intricate and minute curves traced by the geometrical lathe work of the National Bank Note Company.

To determine whether kerosene is liable to explode, the Boston Journal of Commerce gives the following directions:—Fill a pint bowl two-thirds full of boiling water, and into it put a common metallic thermometer. The temperature will run up to over 200 degrees. By gradually adding cold water, bring down the temperature of the water to 110 degrees, and then pour into the bowl a spoonful of the kerosene, and apply a lighted match. If it takes fire, the article should be rejected as dangerous; if not, it may be used with a confident feeling of its safety.

At the Athenaeum, a new Parisian theatre, unnecessary alarm was created a few representations ago by the fall of one of the actresses in the *scène* close to the footlights. The house rose, under the impression that she might rise in a blaze, but was speedily reassured by the actress herself, who had sustained no injury, owing to the fact that she had happily nothing on which could possibly catch fire!

A movement is now in progress in Montreal, among the merchants and others, who are sufferers by the heavy discount on American silver in Canada, to secure the exportation of some \$250,000 or \$300,000, with a view to reduce the present stock in that city, and thus lessen the rate of discount. The Canadian Government has recently imposed a duty of fifteen per cent. on all American silver coin imported into the country, which is equivalent to a prohibitory duty.

A few days since, at Newmarket, Tenn., a young man, while walking at a ball, fell to the floor a corpse. He had made the circle round the room sixteen times without stopping, but in the next attempt he failed and fell dead.

A little boy, the son of a well-known artist, having been reprimanded by his father for fighting in the street, said, "Well, pa, I'm only following the golden rule—when you are hit, hit back again."

The Selma (Ala.) Times states that it is informed on good authority that large landholders in Greene county are offering to give the use of their plantations, next year, to any one who will agree to pay taxes on them.

A midnight depredation in Boston was frustrated by a cat, who frightened the young lady into a fainting fit as she was going down stairs to meet the expected lover at the door.

"I don't see why I should have the gout," groined, not long since, in entire sincerity, a distracted patient, whom his physician had succeeded in reducing to fifteen drops a day. "I am not a heavy drinker. I never take anything from the time I go to bed at night till I get up in the morning!"

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WIT AND HUMOR.

One of Davy Crockett's Stories.

The late Churchill C. Cambreling told me (says Mr. J. H. Hackett in the N. Y. Leader) an anecdote of that eccentric and then brother member of Congress—the late David Crockett—who had a seat near him in the House of Representatives—Mr. Cambreling being from the city of New York, and Mr. Crockett from Tennessee:

"One day, as I sat writing at my desk during an interval of the session, Crockett asked me how long I had been in Congress, and, upon being informed 'several years,' remarked, 'You ought, then, to write a pretty good hand by this time, as though he thought my constant practice there should have improved it.' Crockett continued: 'Some people object to me because of my want of education and learnin' generally. Now, some people know too much.'

"Said I: 'Oh, no! A man can't know too much.'

"Continued he: 'Yes, he can! I remember a case in Tennessee by which I can prove it to you.'

"Two farmers who lived not far apart met one day on horseback, when one said to the other: 'Who are you going to vote for for sheriff?' The other answered: 'John Robinson.' 'What!' said the questioner, 'you going to vote for him? Why, he's such an ignorant cuss he can't spell his given name, John; and, what's worse, he is so stupid I would bet ten dollars you couldn't learn him to spell it between now and to-morrow noon.'

"The other remarked: 'I would be willing to take that bet anyhow.' 'Well,' said the proposer, 'I'll stand it!'

"Accordingly the bet was made, and a public house a few miles distant agreed upon as the place of their meeting at noon next day for its decision, and the neighbors parted.

"The one who had made the bet in favor of John's ability proceeded straight to the house of John Robinson, a few miles off, and found him at home; told him of the conversation, and of his bet on him; and inquired whether it was true that he hadn't had education enough to spell 'John.' John Robinson at once owned up that he could not, that he had never been ten miles from that place where he was born, and that no schoolin' was to be had anywhere about them 'ere parts for love or money. 'Never mind,' said he, 'John, I'll learn you mighty quick, and we'll divide the winnings.' The way to spell John is—J—O—H—N, which John readily repeated, and insisted upon his visitor's coming in and taking some whiskey, which he did freely, and talked over the affairs of the country till bed-time, and at last was persuaded to stop all night with John, both on 'em being pretty tight.

"Next morning, at breakfast, on John's being asked to spell his name, John did so easily enough; but his friend was not satisfied, and said, 'John, there may be some crook ed catch after all in such politics. There's time enough between now and noon, and if you are a mind to learn the whole alphabet, I'll learn you from first to last—that is, from A to Z.' John agreed to be so high tarred, and he before noon could say every letter from A to Z; and off they started on horseback for the place appointed, where four or five of the neighbors had got together on purpose to hear John Robinson, and judge whether he was able to spell his given name.

"Five men were appointed as judges, the bet rented, and John was asked if he was ready to spell his name. John said, 'Eys me.' And the judges said, 'Well, spell John.'

"So John began: 'J—'

"All the judges looked at him, and at one another, and then nodded and said, 'Right, next letter.' 'O—' said John.

"They all looked at one another as long as if there was some doubt about the letter, but nodded at last and said, 'Right; now, next letter.'

"Said John, 'That's H—'

"John's friend, seeing the judges, by halting in giving a judgment after every letter, had somewhat bothered him, cautioned him to keep cool till after the judges had done fooling, and had agreed and said, 'Right.' Now for the next letter, when his friend assured him, 'John, we are all right now but the last letter—don't forget.'

"John hesitated, and thinking he meant the last letter of the alphabet, which he had just learned, bellowed out, 'Zard, by thunder!' and lost the bet.

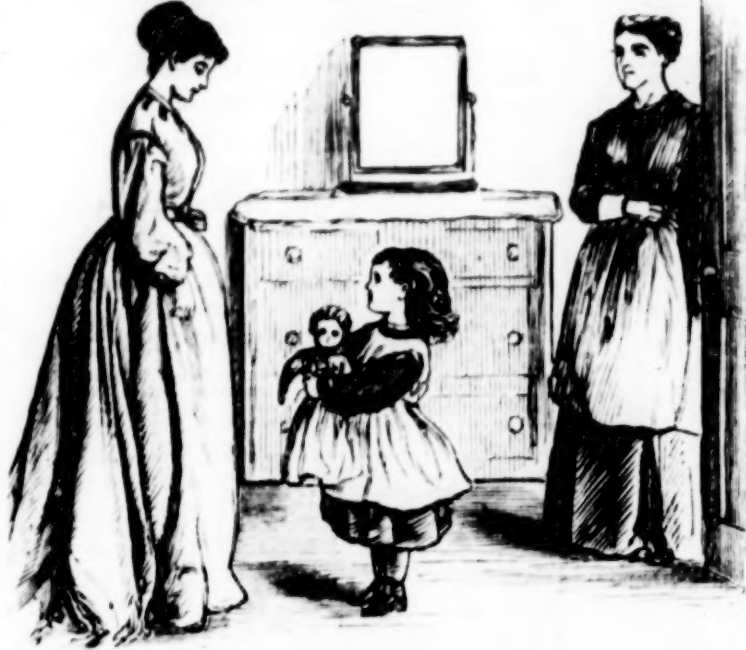
"Now, if his friend who made the bet had only been satisfied with giving John learning enough to spell John, he would have won it. And just so it is, now a-days, with some people—they know too much for their own good. There's John Quincy Adams, now. He's so high tarred he often gets so confused he can't tell a B from a Bumblebee."

A Black Eye.

The Rev. R. B. Bagnard, of Saratoga, gives the following story, told to him during a visit to the Catskill Mountains:—A gentleman of the party said, 'John Brown once gave me a black eye. I was then a young land-surveyor, and was engaged professionally in a certain district. At dinner time a tall, bony, awkward man sat down at the table in his shirt sleeves. I thought it rude behavior, and remonstrated with him. He took no notice until, in my warmth, I challenged him to fight. The challenge was accepted, and we went out into the yard to have it out. Having taken lessons in the art of boxing, I thought the man was no match for me. I had just put myself into position, according to the rules, when something came between my eyes like an iron pump handle, and I fell senseless to the ground. After recovering myself, my antagonist, who was supporting me, coolly said, 'Young man, the best thing you can do with that eye, is to apply a little raw beef to it.'

"A tall fellow, standing in the parterre of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but he would not, when a voice from the second circle called out: 'Let him alone; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself!'

"A few men like your minister," was the equivocal reply of a stranger, when asked if he enjoyed the service.



NURSE.—'Perhaps, ma'am, you'd like to come and smooth your hair in my mistress's room?'

LITTLE INNOCENT.—'Oh no; do stay here!—at least, if you don't mind taking off your hair before me.'

"Spiced Vinegar."

Here is a story, told by one who saw the parties at the table:

Last summer, while residing in New Orleans, a youth who stood five feet eleven and three-quarters in his stockings, and hailed from somewhere up the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the same house where I was boarding. This was the Hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend, who was in the produce business, and had purchased his cargo of corn, as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town, as he wanted to let all the folks at 'home' know about it. The servant brought a plate of soup; and observing a gentleman nearly opposite put considerable cat-soup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of pepper sauce, and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply.

"Well, 'spose ye 'ldige a feller by handin' 't along."

"Certainly," was the answer.

The Hoosier took the bottle, and commenced dosing his soup; but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork, at the same time observing to his friend, 'I kinder close folks yer toppin' with, to put such a plaguey little hole in that, to prevent a feller's takin' much of the stuff. I 'spose it comes high, don't it?'

During the time he poured nearly a wine glassful into his soup, and taking his spoon, he dipped it full, together with several peppers, and put it in his mouth. The next instant he spat the contents of his spoon across the table into a French gentleman's bonnet, and bawled out:

"Water! water! snakes and wildcats, give me some water! I'm all afire!"

"By gar, sir!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in a rage, jumping up from the table, "you have spoiled my shirt, my vest, said! Spout every thing, said! By gar, I shall see about this, said!"

In the meantime, the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water, and taken a tremendous draught. Settling down the pitcher he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then yelled:

"Confound yer old shirt! 'Spose I was point to burn my inards out for you or yer shirt, yer mean cuss! Come down to the boat, and I'll give you one of mine."

It was with difficulty the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage and set matters straight again. But ever after, "spiced vinegar" was a byword, and sufficient to set the whole table in a roar.

An Investment in Horns.

We find the following in the Savannah (Ga.) Republican:

A friend of ours was sitting in his office on Monday, trying to fix his thoughts upon an abstract work before him, but they wandered sadly from the subject, owing to the terrible noise maintained in front of his door by a small negro with a tin horn. Finally he became too nervous to stand it any longer, and went out and called the boy and asked how much he would take for the horn.

"I dunno, sah," was the answer.

"Will you take a quarter?"

"Yes, sah!"

The quarter was duly paid and the gentleman took possession of the offending horn. Scarcely had he re-seated himself when a din far more horrible broke out in front of his office. He rushed out, and there was the veritable negro, reinforced by a comrade, and both using their best efforts on tin horns. Again the boy was interrogated, this time as to where he obtained the horns.

"I buyed 'em, sah, wid de quarter what you gin me."

He has concluded henceforth to pay no more quarters for tin horns. The cure proved worse than the disease.

AN exchange says:—"We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the brush in the yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl, 'There now, Nellie, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and you go and tell her all I say—and then we'll get mad and don't speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that will be such fun.'

"A lazy farmer is virtually dead, and his farm wears weeds in mourning for him."

AGRICULTURAL.

Culture of the Tomato.

Every one who plants a garden must have experience of the difficulty of dealing with tomatoes as usually grown; they spread over space where they are not wanted; they bug the ground with such persistence that nothing can keep them from it; they rot both when it rains and when it does not rain; and at about the end of September they come to an absolute end of all production. The consequence is that most people choose to purchase such as the market affords, and to pay for defective and unsatisfactory tomatoes at a high price, because an ordinary garden does not afford room for them. Having gone through an ample experience of this sort, I by accident attempted a mode of cultivation two years ago which has far exceeded my expectations in obviating the difficulties referred to; and in giving an ample supply of tomatoes so far superior to those usually sold as to bear no comparison with them.

This mode is a rigid training of the vines on a high wall—a wall facing south in my case, but one facing east I think will do; the vines are trained so that they will not do any thing but grow north from the wall. Strips of lath nailed on posts or stakes say eight inches from the base of the wall suffice to keep the vines within the enclosed space, but they must also be frequently tied to the lath, or to nails driven in the face of the wall. Some trouble is requisite while they are growing most rapidly, but it will repay all the trouble well; being sure to keep the vines from falling or blowing down by whatever driving—tying or lath—may be necessary.

I have had no serious difficulty in this respect, nor will any one who ties the vines frequently in July and August, using some soft flax twine, or strong cotton string. The result is that the vines grow and bear from the earliest time that any can be produced, until absolute freezing weather comes in November. I have had them in profusion and in perfection on the vines in two years as late as the middle of November—the fall of both 1893 and 1894 being favorable as regards late frosts, or the delay of absolute freezing weather. And it is remarkable that the tomato plant under such circumstances continues to produce as abundantly to the last as could be desired, without check by any frost or chill that does not absolutely freeze the vines.

The fruit of the tomato is peculiarly an air fruit, requiring the fullest sun, and the most free circulation of air to perfect it. In the shade or near the earth the fruit does not set, and if set, does not ripen. Under the best conditions for the vines in this respect the production is so much greater as to pay for all the trouble of attaching them, even if a wall or trellis were to be erected exclusively to produce tomatoes. And those growing them for market purposes would be as well repaid as private cultivators. I can count up already about eight bushels as the produce of sixty feet of wall, and but twelve inches of earth surface at the foot in which they are planted, a brick wall three feet in width coming next; the vines have in three cases ripened fruit largely at a height of six to seven feet; and the bearing season has begun, or the production of ripe tomatoes, about the 19th of August.—Gardener's Monthly.

Strawberries at Boston.

Some of the finest crops of strawberries in the United States are raised in Belmont, near Boston, Massachusetts. Four thousand quarts per acre are not being unusual. This result is obtained by taking new land, that is, land which has not recently grown a strawberry crop; ploughing it deeply, and giving plenty of manure; setting out plants in the spring; keeping the ground perfectly clean the first season, and the next year gathering the fruit. Then ploughing under the straw-berry beds, and beginning again on new land. In the Boston market the Wilson will not bring more than two-thirds as much as some other kinds. Hovey's Seedling bears the highest price, and is the most popular among growers. Brighton Pine and Boston Pine are used for fertilizing the Hovey. Triomphe de Gand succeeds best in hills, and is an excellent fruit for amateur cultivators.

North Carolina.

Mr. W. A. Sampson, who is located at Bush Hill, N. C., writes as follows to the Maine Farmer:—"The climate here is delightful, and everything for the comfort of man can be successfully grown. I may name figs, peaches—the finest in the United States—apples, pears, plums, cherries, and all the small fruits, wheat, corn, and all cereals. The only thing lacking is grass. No cultivated grass is to be seen, except upon the meadows along the valleys of the many streams. The water is the purest and the timber the finest of any in the country. White oak and hickory abound of the best quality; also walnut, which is largely used for furniture. The hard pine is accessible at \$15 per thousand. The people are all anxious to see northern emigration. Land is very cheap; from \$2 to \$15 per acre."

OLD TIMES IN ILLINOIS.—Some of the correspondents of the Prairie Farmer are indulging in reminiscences. One man bought some rough split-bottom chairs at 50 cents each, when he was married in 1828, and paid for them in No. 1 fall wheat, at 25 cents per bushel. Corn was then from six to ten cents per bushel, and no market for potatoes at all. Another early settler says his father sold 2,000 bushels of corn and hauled it two miles, for five cents a bushel, and took one-half in whiskey! Another took a two-horse wagon load of pork twenty miles and sold it for \$1.25 in cash, five pounds of coffee and calico enough to make a dress for his wife.

To show that honey-bees instead of being an injury to farmers are a benefit to them, the fact is cited as well known to observing bee-keepers that when we have a fine yield of honey from the buckwheat, or the orchard, that we have a corresponding yield of grain or fruit, unless prematurely destroyed by frost or other causes. There are seasons when bees work very little on buckwheat, and the result has been, with scarcely an exception, a small yield of grain.

PEACH LEAVES POISONOUS.—The Carolina Times mentions a case where a friend threw a branch of a wilted peach tree to a cow, the leaves of which she ate with avidity. This was in the evening. The following morning she was found dead in the stable. Another cow also ate a portion of the leaves, and came near dying too. Eaten in a fresh state the leaves are not dangerous, neither are those of the sorghum plant; but in a wilted state both are dangerous food for stock.

PLANTING HERBS.—All gardens should have beds of herbs. They are always looked for in the Fall, and nearly always forgotten in Spring. Now is the time to plant Thyme, Sage, Mint, Balm, and other perennial herbs, and Parsley and other seeds of hardy kinds may be sown. When we say now, it is, of course, understood to mean where the frost has evidently broken up for the season.

RECEIPTS.

OYSTER SOUP.—First make a good veal stock, then boil in a portion of it the crumb of two rolls, three blades of mace, a teaspoonful of white pepper, and four onions, cut small. Pick out the spice, and rub the bread and onions through a hair-sieve; season the rest of the veal stock (which should measure about three quarts) and add them to it. Rub down three ounces of butter with a tablespoonful of flour, and mix gradually with half a pint of the soup; when it is quite smooth, add it to the rest and boil all together for a short time. Boil a hundred oysters, add them with their liquor and half a pint of cream, and let all simmer for a few minutes. Should the soup not be salt enough with the liquor of the oysters, add a little salt before serving it.

FISH FRITTERS.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the preceding day, remove all the bones, and pound it in a mortar, add bread crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a teaspoonful of cream, with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper, and anchovy sauce. Beat all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes, and fry them in boiling lard.

POTATO PANCAKES.—Skin and scrape large raw mealy potatoes; mix them with some salt, and put to each plateful one egg; beat well, and, if necessary, add a little milk. Put two tablespoonfuls of this into a pan, and fry them in butter or lard over a brisk fire, browning them on both sides. They should be crisp, and served very hot. Chopped onion with the scraped potatoes much improves the taste.

ROCK FISH.—Rock fish, bass, and some other kinds of fish, are boiled plain, leaving on the head and tail. It will take a half-hour steady boiling; serve with drawn butter, in which mix hard-boiled eggs chopped fine.

HOT SLAW.—Cut cabbage in fine shreds, boil in clear water until perfectly tender, allowing so little, that when it is cooked sufficiently, there will be scarcely none left in the stewpan; just before dishing, add to a common sized stewpan a teaspoon of sharp vinegar, a piece of butter half the size of a common hen's egg, a little salt, and a dust of pepper; the latter can be added at the table if desired.

MARMALADE PUDDING.—This pudding requires care in mixing the ingredients thoroughly together, but it proves so excellent when eaten either cold or hot, that it fully repays the trouble of preparation. Sifted six ounces of fresh beef suet, and chop it up fine; mix it with two ounces of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of well grated bread-crumbs, and then stir in half a pint of new milk. When these are all mixed, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, whisk all together for a quarter of an hour, and set it to stand on a cold stone for an hour. Butter a pudding-dish or mould thickly, place a layer of the above mixture in it, then a layer of marmalade, another layer of mixture, and so on, alternately, until the mixture is exhausted. For the above quantity, about one pound of marmalade will be required. Whisk the whites of the eggs with a little loaf-sugar and orange-flower water, place the froth at the top of the pudding, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—A tablespoonful of brandy, one ditto of soft-soap, and one of honey, and the white of an egg mixed well together; dip the ribbon into water, lay it on a board, and scrub with the mixture, using a soft brush; rinse in cold water, fold in a cloth, and iron when half dry.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 6, 7, 9, 8, 14, 11, is a metal.
My 1, 10, 3, 13, 15, is a fallen angel.
My 11, 7, 16, is a measure.
My 12, 4, 5, 1, 15, 10, is a musical instrument.
My 2, 8, 14, is an animal.
My whole is a popular novel.
SYDNEY SEYMOUR.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 8, 9, 3, is a metal.
My 12, 2, 5, is a necessary article in cookery.
My 6, 13, 14, is a kind of beverage.
My 4, 11, 7, is a near relative.
My 1, 6, 10, is a valuable household vessel.
My whole is a large city in Europe.
E. CLARK.
Factoryville, Wyoming Co., Pa.

Metagram.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four feet I own—my numbers who can tell?
And many find delight with me to dwell.
My first foot changed, I take wing as a bird;
Then change my last, a long, deep sound is heard.
Change first and last and what I then remain,
By my first whole no profit e'er can gain.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three numbers, such that if 6 be subtracted from the 1st and 2d, the remainder will be in the ratio of 2 to 3; if 30 be added to the 1st and 3d, the sum will be in the ratio of 3 to 4; but if 10 be subtracted from the 2d and 3d, the remainder will be as 4 is to 5.
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Interest Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A owes B \$200, and gives him C's note for \$100, which has been on interest 5 years at 6 per cent., and then gives him his own note for \$100, to be paid in 5 years without interest. Query—Did A overpay B, and, if so, how much?
MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a fanciful idea entertained by a negro like a certain avocation? Ans.—Because it's a black myth.
☞ When is a ship like a book? Ans.—When it is outward bound, of course.
☞ What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Ans.—We read that he was hanged in on every side.
☞ Why does a donkey like thistles better than corn? Ans.—Because he is an ass.

Answers to Enig.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Mount Pleasant, Riddle—Factoryville.

Always Beautiful.

At a festive party of old and young, the question was asked, which season of life is most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four-score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:—"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring! And when summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their gorgeous tint of frost, I think, how beautiful is autumn! And when it is winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see stars shine through."

☞ Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

☞ A little three-year old was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly, "Who made the birdies?" "God made them, my child." "Who feeds the birdies, mamma?" "God feeds them." "Mamma, who made the rice?" she continued. "God made them." The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically, "Does God keep a cat?" The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better play.

☞ A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't begin to snore before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

☞ Americans are generally known on European railways by the fact that they rise in their seats as the cars approach a station.